

THE LADY'S  
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1807.

[NUMBER XXXI.]

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

*The History of*

GOSTANZA AND MARTUCCIO.

A FLORENTINE TALE.

(A continuation.)

Lysimachus, upon this reply, regarded him for a few moments in silence; but at length thus addressed him:—"Martuccio, you have served me for some years with equal faith and ability; were your fortune any thing equal to that of my daughter, I should prefer you for a son to any inhabitant of Lipari. The disparity of your fortunes, however, is too great, and if I act in the character, and with the duties of a father, I must not hesitate to oppose your union. It is this which has caused my refusal. I now, however, repeat my promise, that from the regard I bear to you, and from gratitude for your fidelity in my service, if you can find any means to produce a fortune but one half of that of Gostanza, you shall take her. Your present purpose is worthy of your love and courage. Gostanza shall wait unmarried and unsolicited during the space of a year from the present day; if you return within that period and can produce the sum I have mentioned, Gostanza, with all my wealth, shall become yours. Martuccio, farewell, take an embrace of your mistress, and without further delay depart."

Martuccio did not wait for any second invitation, but embraced her with all the tenderness of sincere passion; nor was Gostanza herself more restrained by the presence of her father; she was no merely passive in the arms of her lover

her embrace had more delicacy perhaps, but certainly equal tenderness with that of Martuccio himself. Lysimachus, who had no other vice than that of avarice, could not regard them unmoved; but perceiving the feelings of his daughter to be too much agitated, he at length constrained them to separate; and pressing the hand of Martuccio, again addressed him:—"Martuccio, your friend has promised you the loan of four thousand ducats, I will add to them the gift of six thousand; there is that sum in this bill of exchange; it will be paid to you on your arrival at Venice by the Venetian merchant upon whom it is drawn. Go, Martuccio, and may heaven prosper your efforts. You have the prayers and wishes of Lysimachus."

Saying this, and forcing his pocket-book into the hands of Martuccio, he waved his hand for him to depart. Martuccio, again embracing Gostanza in the arms of her father, obeyed, and a bill soon intercepted him from their sight.

Lysimachus conducted his daughter to the house, and gave her into the care of her usual attendants. Their attempts at consolation were for some days in vain; and though the violence of her first emotions yielded to the usual remedy of time, the melancholy into which they had subsided appeared wholly incurable.

In the mean time Martuccio had embarked, and the vessel with a favourable wind, was already upon its voyage. The hopes of Martuccio, and the pleasures of his navigation, had already dissipated a part of his late chagrin; his countenance and heart were animated with a

new joy, and he anticipated with all the sanguine confidence of youth and hope, the attainment of his wishes. The voyage was, indeed, through the most beautiful part of the Mediterranean sea. As the science of navigation was less understood at that time than in the present day, it was the custom of the vessels to coast along the shores than trust to the open seas. Their voyages were thus more varied and beautiful. Martuccio enjoyed this pleasure; the fancy of the prince of poets has scarcely painted a scene like what daily presented itself to the eyes of Martuccio. The shores of the Mediterranean are alternately mountains, hills, and plains; mountains whose tops are hidden in clouds, hills clothed with the groves of summer, and plains of verdure like that of emerald. All the varieties both of culture and solitude concurred to the splendor and beauty of this scenery; the eye was now presented with the spectacle of a magnificent city, the gilded sun-mits of whose turrets were glittering beneath the beams of a morning sun. The cheerful sound of the distant bells, the ascending smoke, and the throng of the busy inhabitants, —all composed a morning landscape, the beauty and effect of which can only be conceived by those who have been the spectators of a similar scene. Nor were the scenes of solitude less touching to an admirer of nature; such were the woods whose extent and height seemed to argue their primaval origin; such were the plains which glowed beneath the genial influence of the noon-tide beam. Martuccio, who had hitherto been confined within the narrow walls of a city, and occupied in the cares and hurry of

merchandize, was no less surprised than transported at the objects he beheld. "How beautiful (said he), how great in all her works, is the framing hand of Nature! How impossible is it to regard a scene like this without reverting to its mighty original and all wise Author. Thy wisdom is, indeed, legible in thy works; to see is to adore." In this manner passed the greater part of the voyage of Martuccio, and the beauty and novelty of the scenery had infused that tranquillity into his troubled mind, that had no images but those of hope. "Yes, my Gostanza, (he would say in his moments of rapture,) the power who thus delights in general good, will not desert us. Seas shall in vain divide us, and more powerful avarice in vain interpose its bar; our love merits and will obtain a superior protection."

The confidence of Martuccio was soon dissipated, and by an event of fortune as fatal as sudden, changed to despair. The third week of their voyage had passed over in this security of hope; the morning which began the fourth at length dawned. Martuccio, who felt the charms of nature with the more sensibility as they were more novel and fresh, was in the habit of rising with the first light, and enjoying in a walk upon the deck of the vessel the freshness of the early hours. Upon the morning, the fatal event of which we are about to relate, he was in the enjoyment of this his usual pleasure, and the beauties of the opening dawn had never more merited the attention of an admirer of nature; the sun, with all his eastern splendour, was rising from the bosom of the ocean, and the sea which bounded the horizon, reflected upon its surface the burnished light; the concave of the heavens formed a bold and lofty arch, and the world of waters beneath received and communicated new beauty and freshness. The inhabitants of the deep seemed not unconscious of the beauty of the scene; the dolphins ascended to the surface of the waters, and displayed their colours to

the morning sun; the less shapely monsters of the ocean surrounded the ship, and in long troops upon each side of the vessel, continued to move their unwieldy masses. Martuccio was occupied in the observation of these objects, when happening to cast a look behind, he beheld, at some distance, a vessel in full sail. It was yet hardly visible, its white sails could with difficulty be distinguished from the clouds and waters. The landscape, however beautiful, had appeared to Martuccio to have too much of what the painters call *recit* in other words, of solitude. This defect was removed by the appearance of the approaching vessel, and such was the transport of Martuccio upon the now finished beauty of the scene, that he could not restrain himself from summoning the friendly captain to partake of his pleasure. After pointing out the various objects which had excited his admiration, he directed his attention to the approaching vessel: "Behold," said he, "what crowns the happy scene." The captain here cast a regard upon the vessel; but its ensigns no sooner met his eye, than he started, at the same time uttering a sudden exclamation—"We are lost. Alas, unfortunate men, we have nothing further to hope, but death or slavery! the vessel which approaches, is a rover from Tunis."

The captain here summoned his crew; and that no means of preservation might be neglected, commanded them to man their sails and yards. The fear of the sailors occasioned him to be obeyed with unusual alacrity. Martuccio was not backward in encouraging and assisting the astonished crew. Their united efforts soon put their vessel in a condition of flight; and as the ship was well built, and not too heavily laden, their rapidity was not inferior to that of the Tunisian. The latter ship, however, had now approached so near, that it hailed the Venetian, and commanded them, as they valued the preservation of their lives, to an immediate surrender. Martuccio, who was standing upon the stern of the vessel,

made no other reply, than by a discharge of his harquebuss. Escape, however, was now impossible; the Tunisian having been built for the purposes of piracy, was already alongside of the Venetian vessel. They were again summoned to surrender. Martuccio and the captain, having the greatest ventures, and the most courageous spirits, again refused; but the captain had scarcely uttered the words of rejection, and issued those of preparation for the immediate conflict, when he was pierced by an arrow, and fell dead upon the deck. This incident had an instantaneous effect upon the courage of the crew; the prayers and reproaches of Martuccio were equally fruitless, and the flag was struck. Martuccio, however, was resolved not to survive this united disgrace and calamity; his mind presented to him in one view the whole misery of his situation—the certain defeat of all his hopes, the loss of Gostanza, and a future life of slavery. With a resolution, therefore, rather to fall than to submit, and preferring certain death to the greater evil of servitude, he opposed himself to the whole crew of the corsair, who were now entering the surrendered ship. The Infidels appeared astonished, and in some degree confounded by the vivacity of his courage, and from the effect of his single opposition, it might have been justly concluded, that had he been seconded by the efforts of the remainder of the crew, the vessel would not have become the prey of the pirates. The remainder of the crew, however, was occupied in other thoughts; the rapidity of the vessel's flight, had brought them upon the opposite coast; the sailors therefore, now availed themselves of this circumstance, and whilst the attention of the pirates was occupied by the brave defence of Martuccio, they had loosened a boat, and having hastily descended from the ship, were rowing towards the adjacent land.

(To be Continued.)

He alone is an accurate observer, who can observe minutely, without being observed.



Communicated for the Lady's Miscellany.

### SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.

A young lady, newly married, being obliged to shew her husband all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate friend.

"I cannot be satisfied my dearest friend, blest as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom, which has ever beat in unison with mine, the various sensations which swell with the liveliest emotion of pleasure, my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear husband is the most amiable of men. I have now been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent the day that joined us. My husband is both in person and manners, far from resembling ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous, monsters, who think by confining to secure; a wife it is his maxim to treat as a bosom friend,——and not as a play thing, or menial slave, the woman of his choice.——Neither party, he says, should always obey implicitly, but each yield to the other, by turns. An ancient maiden aunt near seventy, a cheerful, venerable, & pleasant old lady, lives in the house with us—she is the delight of both young and old; she is civil to all the neighbourhood around, generous, and charitable to the poor, I am certain my husband likes nothing more than he does me; he flatters me more than the glass, and his intoxication, (for so I must call the excess of his love) often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object, and wish I could be more deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word——and to crown the whole,——my former lover is now my indulgent husband, my fondness is returned, and I might have had a prince, without the felicity I find in him. Adieu! may you be as blest, as I am unable to wish that I could be more happy."

*N. B. The key to the above letter (in cypher) is to be read the first, and then every alternate line only.*

The following appears as an advertisement, in "The Traveller," (a London paper) of Feb. 11, 1807.

"LADIES, who have fixed their affections, but have never avowed their prepossession, may be instructed how to obtain their wishes. Any gentleman, who has formed a predilection for a lady, may be assisted in obtaining her.—Those who have yet formed no attachment, may have objects pointed out to them, and aided in gaining them, by a lady, whose connexions enable her to effect what she undertakes; but she will not use her influence, but for persons of unquestionable character.

Apply, or address, (post paid) to Mrs. Morris, at the bow window, next door to Margaret Chapel, Margaret-street, Cavendish square.

Mrs. Morris is not at liberty to refer to those she has served; but whoever applies to her, will be convinced that she is employed by persons of high respectability.

### ECONOMY.

IT is impossible to be generous without economy. Whatever is wasted, whatever is lost, is a real robbery of the poor. This negligence is the more reprehensible, as it affords no pleasure. For example, Eliza, here is an account which your governess has given me of the things lost by you, within a year: a black silk cloak, six pocket handkerchiefs, four pair of gloves, two thimbles, three needle-cases, and a pair of scissors: these together cost me two guineas, which I was obliged to pay for new things to replace those which you lost. If you had been more careful, I should have had two guineas more to spend, either for your pleasure, or in doing a good action. If you do not bestow great care to correct yourself of this fault, it will cost me much more money as you grow older, because your necessaries will then be more expensive.

### DELICACY.

DELICACY imparts to every action an inexpressible charm. The delicate benefactor combines respect, with benevolence, tenderness with heroism, and his heart teaches him in a moment all the regard that is due to the unfortunate. He feels the sacred obligations that are imposed by his own benevolence; he feels that no person is truly generous, who humbles, or gives pain in any way to those whom he assists.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

### A FAREWELL TO THE CITY.

FAREWELL ye scenes of fond delight,  
Where pleasure crowns the passing day;  
Where dissipation speeds the night,  
And lures us in her flowery way.

Yet hail, ye shades, your vernal bow'rs,  
Your shadowy woods, and mountains height  
That o'er the foaming Hudson low'rs,  
And forms an artificial night.

There from all wilder passions far,  
My little life shall calmly glide:  
With reason for my ruling star,  
And cool philosophy my guide.

L. E. T. A.

There is an admirable partition of *qualities* between the sexes, which the Great Author of being has distributed to each, with a wisdom which calls for all our admiration.

Man is strong—woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident—woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action—woman in suffering. Man shines abroad—woman at home. Man talks to convince—woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart—woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—woman relieves it. Man has science—woman taste. Man has judgment—woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice—woman of mercy.

Softness of smile indicates softness of character.



SKETCH  
OF THE LIFE OF POCAHONTAS,

*The celebrated American Indian  
Princess.*

IN the wildest scenes of Nature have been found her most engaging beauties. The desert smiles with roses, and savage society sometimes exhibits the graces of humanity.

Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, with the colour and charms of Eve, at the age of 15, when nature acts with all her powers, and fancy begins to wander, had a heart that palpitated with warm affections. At this time, Capt. Smith, one of the first settlers of Virginia was brought a captive to her father's kingdom. Smith was by nature endowed with personal graces, that interests the female mind. He mingled feeling with heroism, and his countenance was an index to his soul. Pocahontas had never before beheld such a human being; and her heart yielded homage to the empire of love. In the first interview she looked all she felt, and like Dido, hung entranced on the face and lips of the gallant man.

An interesting occurrence soon afforded an opportunity of exhibiting her affections. Powhatan and his council of Sachems, had resolved on the death of Smith. A huge stone was rolled before the assembled chiefs. Smith was produced, and the executioners, with knotty clubs, surrounded him. The moment of his fate had arrived; his head was laid upon the rock, and the arms of cruelty were raised! At this moment Pocahontas darted through the band of warriors; she placed her cheek on Smith's; and the same blow would have decided both their destinies. The heart of an Indian is not made of coarser materials than ours. Powhatan caught the feelings of his daughter; and sympathy with Pocahontas procured a pardon for his prisoner. Charmed with her success, she hung wildly on the neck of the reprieved vic-

tim, while excess of joy checked the utterance of her affections.

Smith indulged all the sentiments of gratitude. He had not a heart for love. With a spirit of enterprize, he aspired to great and laudable achievements. The pleasure of softer passions he relinquished to the imbecility of gentler natures. He coldly thought of the advantages to be derived from the ardent affection of Pocahontas, and grounded his pretences of mutual love on the calculations of interest.

After seven weeks captivity, Smith returned to James-town, his settlement in Virginia. By his Indian guides he sent presents to Pocahontas, which the hopes of love regarded as the testimonial of returned affection. The constitutions of the heart are governed by its wishes, and fancy is ready with its eloquence to gain faith to all the dreams of deluding fondness.

At the return of Smith to his colony, he found them in want and despair. He encouraged them by engaging descriptions of the country, and disconcerted a scheme for abandoning the wilds of Virginia. An interesting event strengthened the resolution he had inspired. Pocahontas appeared in the fort with the richest presents of benevolence. With all the charms of nature, and the best fruits of the earth, she resembled the Goddess of Plenty, with her *cornucopia*. Even Smith indulged, for a while, his softer feelings; and, in the romantic recesses of uncultured walks, listened to the warm effusions of his Indian maid. She sighed and she wept; and found solace in his tears of tenderness, which seemed to her the flow of love.

Soon after, Pocahontas gave a stronger proof of her affection. Powhatan made war upon the colonists, and had laid his warriors in ambush so artfully, that Smith and his party must have been destroyed. To save the man she loved, in a night of storm and thunder, Pocahontas wandered

through the wilds and woods to the camp of Smith, and apprised him of his danger. Love seems to be the supreme arbiter of human conduct, and, like Hortensius, forgets the brother and the father, when opposed to the fortunes of her favourites.

A dangerous wound, which Capt. Smith accidentally received, rendered his return to England necessary. He felt the pangs his absence would inflict on the heart of his Indian maid, and concerted a scheme for impressing her with a full belief of his death. The next time Pocahontas visited the camp, she was led to the pretended grave of Smith, and deluded by the dying professions of her lover. Imagination will picture the sorrows of so fond a heart. Untutored nature knows none of the shackles of refinement, and violence of passion finds expression.

The grave of Smith was the favourite haunt of Pocahontas. Here she lingered away the hours; here she told her love, and scattered her favourite flowers. One evening, as she was reclining in melancholy on the turf that covered her lover, she was surprised at the presence of a man. Rolfe had seen and gazed upon the charming nymph, and indulged for her all that ardour of romantic passion which Smith had excited in her breast.—He was pensively bewailing his hopeless love, when Pocahontas stole away in shade and silence, to perform her duties to the dead. Surprise, terror, and sorrow, suspended in her the powers of life, and she sunk lifeless into the arms of the fortunate admirer. Could he forbear a warm embrace to one he loved so well, or was eloquence wanted to charm away her blushes at the return of life? Affection had too often repeated her lessons to the woods and wilds, to be dumb at such a crisis. Pocahontas listened with sympathy; he wiped away the tear that swelled in her eye. Despair yielded to enlivened hopes, and she indulged him in the ardent caresses of contagious love. They talked down the moon, and the song of



the mocking-bird became faint, before Pocahontas could escape from the vows and arms of her lover, to the cabin of her companions.

Powhatan had none of the partiality of his daughter for the English; and a stratagem was formed to seize Pocahontas, in order to induce her father to adopt an equitable mode of conduct. Rolfe did not regret the success of this ungenerous scheme.—Through wilds and woods, and at the hazard of his life, he had ventured to see her. He now enjoyed her smiles in safety, and received new confidence from being chosen by her, as her protector. He continued, however, always as respectful, as affectionate; and while he soothed her into tranquility, gave but new proofs of fidelity. His heart was pure as her's was fond.

At length Netanquas arrived at the fort with provisions, to ransom his sister. He had saved the life of Rolfe in one of his excursions to meet Pocahontas; and to him the lover applied, in the presence of his Indian maid, to gain Powhatan's consent to his union with his daughter. Pocahontas melted into softness at this declaration of the accomplished Englishman; and her blushing acquiescence was sanctioned by the approbation of her father. Their marriage soon followed: happy instance of the perseverance of virtuous affection! The prejudices of education yielded to the honest impulse of the heart. The raven tresses, and the tawny cheek of Pocahontas, were no disparagement to the dignity of her soul, or the generosity of her nature. Through this veil Rolfe discovered a thousand virtues, and his love was rewarded with their possession.

For years Rolfe resided in the wilds of nature, and in society with his Indian princess. Fond of solitude, she became the dear companion of his retirement. In the moment of leisure, he initiated her in the wonders of science, and mysteries of religion.—In return, she respected him for his talents, and his virtues; and added

gratitude for improvement, to love for love,

A son was the sole fruit of their union, from which descends the nobility of Virginia, the Randolphs, and the Bowlings.

In 1616, Rolfe arrived in England with Pocahontas. At London she was introduced to James I. The king rebuked her for descending from the dignity of royalty so far, as to marry a plebeian. But the ladies of the court, and the nobility of the kingdom, regarded her with respect and affection; and sought to render her happy, by all the blandishments of refinement. She soon learnt the manners of the great, and in her demeanor, exhibited all the dignity and purity of her character, mingled with the tenderness of her heart.

Capt. Smith called on Pocahontas soon after her arrival. Her astonishment was at first succeeded by contempt. But the resentment of wounded pride soon yielded to tender sentiments. In a private interview she heard his explanation, and ever after caressed him with the fondness of a sister.

After remaining some time in England, and travelling with Pocahontas through the country he had so often described, Rolfe resolved to revisit America. But alas! Pocahontas had quitted her native shore for ever. She was taken sick at Gravesend, and after a short illness, died. Religion cheered her through the hours of declining life, and her last faltering accents whispered praise to her Creator.

When we reflect that so much virtue, heroism, and intellectual piety adorned so young a native of our country, we cannot but regard America as the natural clime of greatness and consider Pocahontas as exhibiting proof of the powers and capacity of savage nature, rather than as an exception to common degeneracy.

[*Anthology.*]

For the Lady's Miscellany.

#### EULOGY ON EARLY RISING.

IF the practice of rising betimes can be proved to be universally beneficial to mankind; if it can be shewn to have been always mentioned with the highest encomiums; and if it can be made out, that the greatest, as well as best of men were early risers, nothing farther needs to be said in recommendation of it.

Now that it contributes, and indeed universally, to the happiness of the world, will appear from the following considerations:

In the first place, is life itself a happiness, or, if you like the term better, a real enjoyment? this, none will deny; and therefore as early rising is really an addition to life, I mean, to active and copious life, it must be an additional enjoyment, which every one that pleases, may, and which every early riser actually does, enjoy.

Another argument to prove the advantage of early rising, may be drawn from its contributing to the health, activity, and vigour of animal life. It not only adds to, and in a manner lengthens the duration of life, but heightens, so to speak, its very degree and reality. All the powers of human nature are thereby quickened, and made to perform their several functions with greater force and energy; the consequence of which is a considerable augmentation of actual enjoyment, that otherwise would have been lost.

Again, if we turn our thoughts to rational life, we shall find no small advantage resulting from early rising. What season so proper for performing the duties of religion and piety? Are not our minds then composed, calm, and serene? Does not the dawning and return of day naturally inspire us with exalted ideas of the great Creator and governor of the world, who at first ordained and still pre-

serves the delightful vicissitudes of day and night, so admirably calculated to promote the happiness of all the inhabitants of this globe? Is not every passion then hushed, and the mind in the best frame imaginable for paying to the great God of nature, that adoration, praise, and homage which all its reasonable creatures owe him? in this respect, then, the advantage of early rising is manifest.

With regard to social duties, what is more necessary than early rising? Is it possible for a man who dozes away the morning on his downy bed, and spends one third of the day in the enervating embraces of death-like sleep, to discharge the duties either of private or public life, like the man who gets up betimes, sedulous to mind his business, and careful not to lose the balmy influence of the most early rays of the sun? The latter has the pleasure to see the greater, the most essential part of his work done, before the other begins; the consequence of which, is that he has leisure to pursue new advantages, new schemes of utility, both to himself and others; whereas the sluggard, by the too liberal indulgence of his beloved sleep, disables himself from performing even the indispensable duties of his station; instead of having time to look out for an addition to his happiness, he is not in a condition to make the best of that which he already possesses. Besides, that excess of sleep, instead of nourishing, and refreshing, serves only to enervate the whole human frame; and actually disables those who indulge it, from acting with that spirit, resolution, and vigour, they would otherwise do.

As to improving the mind in knowledge, the advantage of early rising is no less evident. In the morning, all the faculties of our soul are awake, fresh, and vigorous. What over night defied our most diligent study to find out, now voluntarily submits itself to our view; we see, we comprehend, what formerly was thought above the reach of human understanding. Now, as early rising not

only enables the mind to understand things more easily and better, but likewise affords time for setting about the study of them, it must be allowed to be highly conducive to the attainment of knowledge.

From the whole, then, it appears that early rising is universally beneficial to mankind.

O.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

### SELECTIONS.

Hospitality is good, if the poorer sort are subjects of our bounty. Else too near a superfluity.

FLACOURT, in his history of the island of Madagascar, gives a sublime prayer used by the people *we call savages*.—"O Eternal! have mercy on me, because I am passing away: O Infinite! because I am but a speck: O most Mighty! because I am weak:—O Source of Life! because I draw nigh to the grave: O Omniscient! because I am in darkness:—O All Bounteous! because I am poor:—O All Sufficient! because I am nothing."

Good spirits are often taken for good nature: yet nothing differs more. Insensibility being generally the source of the former,—and sensibility of the latter.

One great source of vexation proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings we expect, and too much indifference for those we possess. Young says—

"The present moment like a wife we shun,  
And ne'er enjoy because it is our own."

### THE HONEST MAN.

ALL are not just, because they do not wrong: But he who *will not* wrong me *when he may*, He is the truly just. I praise not them Who in their petty dealings *piffer* not;

But him whose conscience spurns a *secret* fraud,  
Where he might plunder, and defy surprise.  
His be the praise, who, looking down with scorn  
On the false judgment of the partial herd,  
Consults his own dear heart, and boldly dares  
To be (not merely to be thought) an HONEST MAN.

### ANECDOTE OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BY the end of the year 1754, Dr. Johnson had completed the copy of his Dictionary, not more to his own ease and satisfaction, than to the joy of Millar, the bookseller, the principal proprietor of the work, and the guardian and treasurer of the fund, out of which the payments were from time to time issued. To say the truth, his joy on the occasion was so great, that he could not refrain from expressing it somewhat intemperately, as appears from the following acknowledgment of the receipt of the last sheet of the manuscript.

"Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money, for the last sheet of copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him."

To which Johnson returned this good-humoured, and brief answer:

"Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find, as he does by his note, that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for any thing."

### INTEMPERANCE.

CYRUS, when a youth, being at the court of his grandfather, Astyges, undertook one day to be the cup-bearer at table. It was the duty of this officer to taste the liquor before it was presented to the king. Cyrus, without performing this ceremony, delivered the cup in a very graceful manner to his grandfather.—The king reminded him of the omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness. No,



replied Cyrus, I was afraid to taste, because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor: For not long since, at an entertainment which you gave, I observed that the lords of your court, after drinking of it, became noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic.—Even you, sir, seemed to have forgotten that you were a king.

HENRY the third of France asking those about him one day, what it was the Duke of Guise did to charm and allure every one's heart? he received this answer: Sir, the Duke of Guise does good to all the world without exception, either directly by himself, or indirectly by his recommendations. He is civil, courteous, liberal; has always some good to say of every body, but never speaks ill of any: and this is the reason he reigns on men's hearts, as absolutely as your Majesty does in your kingdom.

When the late Prince of Wales condescended to honour Mr. Pope with a visit, Pope met the Prince at the water-side, and expressing his sense of the honour done him in very proper terms, joined with the most dutiful expressions of attachment. On which the Prince said, 'it is very well, but how shall we reconcile your love to a prince, with your professed indisposition to kings, since princes will be kings in time.' 'Sir' replied Mr. Pope, 'I consider royalty under that noble and authorised type of the lion; while he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached and caressed with safety and pleasure.'

LORD Bacon, towards the latter end of his life, said, that a little smattering in philosophy would lead a man to atheism; but a thorough insight into it will lead a man back again to a first cause; and that the first principle of right reason is religion; and seriously professed, that, after all his studies and inquiries, he durst not die with any other thoughts than those religion taught, as it is professed among the christians.

#### To Readers and Correspondents.

We are always happy in endeavouring to oblige our correspondents, whenever we can do it consistently with our own interest, and the duty we owe to our patrons.

"Lines on the subject of Arnold's condemnation to the State's prison," it would by no means become us to publish—they embrace a reflection on Legislative decision, to which we would ever wish to pay homage.

Lines on visiting the grave of the child who died from Arnold's cruelty, shall have a place in our next number.

"The languishing lover" declares his wishes in rather too bold a manner; his piece must undergo some material alterations, before we can insert it.

Lucasta's verses are too imperfect for public perusal. We recommend the author to revise them.

The complaint of 'Albertina Von Sharl,' shall be attended to in our next number.

We profess never to have published a sentence in which we conceived either a national or an individual reflection was comprised. We last week, however, received a note charging us with the former fault, to which, as it respects intention, we plead, not guilty.

.....

"What force of language can the bliss impart,  
Th' impetuous joy that glows in either heart,  
When, with delicious agony, the thought  
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;  
O'er all the nerves, what tender tumults roll,  
When Love with sweet enchantment melts the  
soul."

#### MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last, at Hurlgate, by the rev. Mr. Woodhull, Mr. Benj. Hustace of this city, merchant, to Miss Martha P. Lawrence daughter of John Lawrence, Esq.

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Dr. Mason, at the house of James R. Smith, Esq. the rev. John Lind, to Miss Ann W. Smith.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. John M. Claskey, Mr. Isaac Praul, merchant, to Miss Mary Redstone, daughter of the rev. Henry Redstone, of this city.

At Belleville, N. J. 16th inst. Mr. Benjamin Mead, merchant, of this city, to Miss Eliza Holmes, daughter of Wm. Holmes, esq. of Belleville.

At Germantown, Columbia county, on Sunday the 17th inst. by the rev. Mr. Fox, Mr. Abraham S. Hasbrouk, of Saugertus, Ulster county, to Miss Leah Minich Lousen, of the former place.

#### DIED,

On Thursday, Mr. James Banks.—At Savannah, on the 7th inst. Edward G. Malbone of Newport, R. I.—At New Orleans, on the 15th ult. Peter De Labigarre, esq. of this city.

Just Received, and for sale by J. OSBORNE, 13 Park, price 1 dollar, and fifty cents, A New NOVEL, entitled—"The Memoirs of CHARLES WEINCOTE." In which is introduced the History of the MONA FRANKISCO. Translated from the French of M. D. F. May 30.

This day is Published, by J. OSBORN, at his Circulating Library and Bookstore, 13 Park, (Price 75 cents)

A Satirical Poem, entitled, "FASHION-ANALYSIS;

Or,

A WINTER IN TOWN,

By Sir Anthony Avalanche, with notes illustrations, &c. by

GREGORY GLACIER, Gent

Argument to Part 1st—Invocation; sentiment at a ball; sound lover; a fop; a woman that would be fashionable; a fashionable woman; a family picture; dialogue between a modern mother and her daughter; Brag at full length; a modern tea party; a squeeze; fashionable topics; the student in distress; real wit; sham wit; cards; gallery of portraits; an enquiry after woman as she should be; conclusion.

May 30.

Just Received,

A handsome assortment of Lady's ornamented COMBS,

Of the newest fashion, for sale by

N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume manufactory the ROSE, No. 114, opposite the City Hotel Broadway. Also, SMITH'S Purified Chemical wash ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin, from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4. and 8s. each.

Gentlemen's morocco pouches for travelling, with all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of roses for smelling bottles. Violet & palm soap 2s. per square. His chymical blacking cakes 1s 6d. Almond powder for the skin 8s a lb.

His Circassia or Antique oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and prevent it from turning grey 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Rolled ditto 2s.

His improved chymical milk of roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening the skin to extreme old age, and excellent for gentlemen to use after shaving—printed directions accompany it—6, 9 & 12s. a bottle, or three dollars a quart.

His pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and to keep it from falling off or turning grey 4 & 8s a pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white hair powder, 1s a pound. Violet double scented ditto, 1s 6d. do.

Beautiful rose powder, 2s 6d. do.

SMITH'S assortment in this line is very extensive, and each article will be sold on reasonable terms. Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

May 16.



For the Lady's Miscellany.

### LINES,

Written at Hempstead, L. I.

LET veteran bards in ancient legends tell,  
How Caesar conquer'd, and how Pompey fell,  
Of laureate wreath their valiant arms obtain'd,  
Fam'd cities vanquish'd, and their glories stain'd,  
Of regal pomp, ambition's soaring flights,  
Uncheck'd by orphan's tears, or widows' rights;  
These lofty themes shall ne'er my muse employ,  
To deck with fame their blood-dyed scenes of joy:  
To softer strains I'll tune my pastoral lyre,  
And wake in *Hempstead's* praise poetic fire.  
E'en as the sun, the glorious orb of day,  
Rolls stately on in his ethereal way,  
And his diurnal course now happily run  
Sinks in the west, his god-like labour done,  
The floating clouds and dusky vapours fly,  
Tinging with purple streaks the ruddy sky;  
Thus in thy peaceful seats, lov'd village! free'd  
From heathful labour, heathful sports succeed.  
Profusion smiling at the festive scene,  
Opens her full bosom glad'ning all the green;  
Friendship her genial influence sheds around,  
And Freedom waves her banners, ivy-crown'd;  
No captious sceptic here his doubts disbands,  
Religion guides the bark which Reason mans.  
The stranger's welcome to the friendly board,  
Which comfort, ease, and rustic fare afford;  
The ruddy looks of innocence and health,  
Which grace thy happy youth far more than  
wealth;  
The murmuring streams meandering as they stray  
Where polish'd pebbles pave the current's way;  
The neat built church where oft with pious haste,  
All meet, the sweets of holiness to taste;  
These are thy native charms, lov'd village! these  
Adorn thy seats of innocence and ease.  
Heaven, ever bounteous, merciful, and wise,  
Bestows on man, the favourite of the skies,  
What ere may tend fair virtue's path to deck  
With huring scenes; and daring vice to check:  
The reverend pastor, whose unsullied deeds,  
Dissent not from the truths his precepts plead,  
Promotes this grand design; in humble guise,

The friend of virtue, and the scourge of vice;  
With such a friend, thy cup of joys was crown'd  
In learning sage, for piety renown'd;  
Whose bosom glow'd with friendship, free from  
guile,  
"Whose yesterdays look'd backward with a  
smile;"  
In life so pure, in death so lov'd was *MOORE*,  
His virtues all admire, his loss deplore.  
Long mayst thou flourish, happy village! blest  
With heaven's auspicious smiles and mild behest;  
May blooming spring its annual visit pay,  
To deck thy fields with verdant beauty gay;  
May summer's ardent suns, and autumn's fires,  
Mellow the golden fruitage, which attires  
The loaded trees, the husbandman's desires.  
And when the clouds the chilling tempest bring,  
May winter quickly yield to smiling spring.

E.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

SOFT the moon beam's light descending  
Slumbers on the silent wave,  
With the dew-drop's lustre blending,  
Gilds the tears that deck the grave....

Cold, within that grave reposing,  
Where the tall grass waves on high;  
There no stone his name disclosing,  
Points where Ferdinand's ashes lie.

Yet Remembrance, sadly waking,  
With Friendship, oft shall linger there;  
And each gayer scene forsaking,  
Weep o'er the victim of despair.

LEILA.

### WANDERING MARY.

BLEAK blows the storm upon the breast,  
Whose guest is life-consuming sorrow,  
O take me to some place of rest,  
Where I may slumber till to-morrow;  
You view my face, it once was fair,  
At least so said my charming Harry,  
But he's gone, and black despair  
Is all that's left to wand'ring Mary.  
No thief am I, as some allege,  
Though sore hath cold and hunger try'd me;  
I pluck the haw-berry from the hedge,  
When human aid is oft denied me.  
But hush my babe! though large the load  
Of woes that we are doom'd to carry;  
Within some cold grave's bleak abode,  
You'll sweetly sleep with wand'ring Mary.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

### RETROSPECTION.

IN buoyant youth, when wild delight  
With vivid joy, and peace, were mine,  
When soft repose crown'd every night,  
And every day of mirth, was thine;

Then heedless pass'd the thoughtless hour,  
As transient as the morning dew;  
Still Sympathy's seraphic power,  
Gilt every moment as it flew.

But now no more with soft content,  
Or joy, I bid my moments fly,  
In some dark shade alone, they're spent,  
There noted by the rising sigh.

The summer friends mid pleasure's glare,  
Still bask'd within its witching ray;  
Yet when came clouds of doubt, and care,  
One little breeze blew all away.

Yet let them go, I do not mourn  
A loss, unworthy to be known;  
I can forgive the word I scorn,  
And muse upon my griefs alone.

For soon consuming care and gloom,  
Shall speed this fleeting breath,  
And I within the silent tomb,  
Rest calmly in the sleep of death.

ASPASIA.

### THE DREAM.

STAR of the night! propitious shine,  
And be the dawn of rapture thine!  
Oh light me to the hallow'd kiss,  
And hold thy vigils o'er our bliss!  
Sweet star! at least be mine the maid  
In visionary smiles array'd:  
At least, if vainly I have sigh'd,  
O let me dream the bliss denied!  
Dawn, gentle Planet of repose!  
Thy silent reign shall sooth my woes;  
For sailing on thy dewy beam  
Thou'lt give Serena to my dream!  
Oh paint the breathing lip's moist hue,  
The passive eye of liquid blue,  
The conscious blush—the infant tear  
Just trembling on its native sphere;  
And paint those living orbs of snow—  
And I'll be blest, sweet star, in seeming so!  
Yes! 'tis her smile—I know it well!  
—'tis her own bosom's infant swell;  
—'tis the blue gleam of her eye;  
—'tis the murmur of her sigh—  
Close prest to mine, I feel her flutt'ring heart—  
Strike Fate! their pulses never—never part.  
[Port Folio.]

LODINUS.



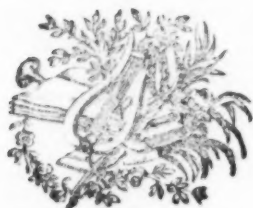
e,  
our,

are,  
re,

ASIA.

g so!

g heart—  
r part.  
ODIXUS.



For the Lady's Miscellany.

L I N E S,

Written at Hempstead, L. I.

LET veteran bards in ancient legends tell,  
How Caesar conquer'd, and how Pompey fell,  
Of laureate wreaths their valiant arms obtain'd,  
I am'd cities vanquish'd, and their glories stain'd,  
Of regal pomp, ambition's soaring flights,  
Uncheck'd by orphan's tears, or widows' rights;  
'Tis these lofty themes shall ne'er my muse employ,  
To deck with fame their blood-dyed scenes of joy:  
'Tis softer strains I'll tune my pastoral lyre,  
And wake in *Hempstead* a praise-poetic fire.  
Even as the sun, the glorious orb of day,  
Rolls stately on in his ethereal way,  
And his diurnal course now haply run  
Sinks in the west, his god-like labour done;  
The floating clouds and dusky vapours fly,  
Tinging with purple streaks the ruddy sky;  
Thus in thy peaceful seats, lov'd village! free'd  
From heatful labour, healthful sports succeed.  
Profusion smiling at the festive scene,  
Opens her full bosom glad'ning all the green;  
Friendship her genial influence sheds around,  
And Freedom waves her banners, ivy-crown'd;  
No equities sceptic here his doubts disbands,  
Religion guides the bark which Reason mans.  
The stranger's welcome to the friendly board,  
Which comfort, ease, and rustic fare afford;  
The ruddy looks of innocence and health,  
Which grace thy happy youth far more than  
wealth;  
The murmuring streams meandering as they stray  
Where pebbled paths pave the current's way;  
The neat built church where oft with pious haste,  
All meet, the sweets of holiness to taste;  
These are thy native charms, lov'd village! these  
Adorn thy seats of innocence and ease.  
Heaven, ever bounteous, merciful, and wise,  
Bestows on man, the favourite of the skies,  
What ere may tend fair virtue's path to deck  
With luring scenes; and daring vice to check:  
The reverend pastor, whose unsullied deeds,  
Dissonant not from the truths his precepts plead,  
Promotes this grand design; in humble guise,

The friend of virtue, and the scourge of vice;  
With such a friend, thy cup of joys was crown'd  
In learning sage, for piety renown'd;  
Whose bosom glow'd with friendship, free from  
guile,  
"Whose yesterdays look'd backward with a  
smile;"  
In life so pure, in death so lov'd was Moore,  
His virtues all admire, his loss deplore.  
Long may'st thou flourish, happy village! blest  
With heaven's auspicious smiles and mild behest:  
May blooming spring its annual visit pay,  
To deck thy fields with verdant beauty gay;  
May summer's ardent suns, and autumn's fires,  
Mellow the golden footage, which attires  
The loaded trees, the husbandman's desires.  
And when the clouds the chilling tempest bring,  
May winter quickly yield to smiling spring.

E.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

SOFT the moon beam's light descending  
Shimmers on the silent wave,  
With the dew-drop's lustre blending,  
Gilds the tears that deck the grave....

Cold, within that grave reposing,  
Where the tall grass waves on high;  
There no stone his name disclosing,  
Points where Ferdinand's ashes lie.

Yet Remembrance, sadly waking,  
With Friendship, oft shall linger there;  
And each gayer scene forsaking,  
Weep o'er the victim of despair.

L E I L A.

WANDERING MARY.

BEAR flows the storm upon the breast,  
Whose guest is life-consuming sorrow,  
O take me to some place of rest,  
Where I may slumber till to-morrow;  
You view my face, it once was fair,  
At least so said my charming Harry,  
But he is gone, and black despair  
Is all that's left to wand'ring Mary.

No thief am I, as some allege,  
Though sore bath cold and hunger try'd me;  
I pluck the haw-berry from the hedge,  
When human aid is oft denied me.  
But hush my babe! though large the load  
Of woes that we are doom'd to carry;  
Within some cold grave's bleak abode,  
You'll sweetly sleep with wand'ring Mary.

For the Lady's Miscellany

RETROSPECTION.

IN buoyant youth, when wild delight  
With vivid joy, and peace, were mine,  
When soft repose crown'd every night,  
And every day of mirth, was thine;

Then heedless pass'd the thoughtless hour,  
As transient as the morning dew;  
Still Sympathy's seraphic power,  
Gilt every moment as it flew.

But now no more with soft content,  
Or joy, I bid my moments fly,  
In some dark shade alone, they're spent,  
There noted by the rising sigh.

The summer friends mid pleasure's glare,  
Still bask'd within its witching ray;  
Yet when came clouds of doubt, and care,  
One little breeze blew all away.

Yet let them go, I do not mourn  
A loss, unworthy to be known;  
I can forgive the word I scorn,  
And muse upon my griefs alone.

For soon consuming care and gloom,  
Shall speed this fleeting breath,  
And I within the silent tomb,  
Rest calmly in the sleep of death.

ASPASIA.

THE DREAM.

STAR of the night! propitious shine,  
And be the dawn of rapture thine!  
Oh light me to the hallow'd kiss,  
And hold thy vigils o'er our bliss!  
Sweet star! at least be mine the maid  
In visionary smiles array'd:  
At least, if vainly I have sigh'd,  
O let me dream the bliss denied!  
Lawn, gentle Planet of repose!  
Thy silent reign shall sooth my woes;  
For sailing on thy dewy beam  
Thou'lt give Serena to my dream!  
Oh paint the breathing lip's moist hue,  
The passive eye of liquid blue,  
The conscious blush—the infant tear  
Just trembling on its native sphere;  
And paint these living orbs of snow—  
And I'll be blest, sweet star, in seeming so!  
Yes! 'tis her smile—I know it well!  
—'tis her own bosom's infant swell;  
—'tis the blue gleam of her eye;  
—'tis the murmur of her sigh—  
Close prest to mine, I feel her fluttering heart—  
Strike Fate! their pulses never—never part.

[Part Folio.]

LODINE.